The Birmingham Eccentric

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1933

NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have news value and which are written by persons not connected with the editorial staff of the paper. All copy must be presented before noon on Wednesdays. The right is reserved, however, to make such superficial changes in the work submitted as are necessary to the style of the paper and as are required by laws of the state. Because of a mechanical situation in the composing room, headlines written by those other than members of the staff cannot be used. Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Eccentric will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Freedom Of The Press

"Editorial criticism," says Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, German premier, "only makes people uneasy." And the Hitler government, deciding against "uneasiness," lays down a set of "thou-shalt-not" rules for German journalists, muzzling their publications.

God grant that the leaders of this country, whoever they may be, will always have the vision to see that the "uneasiness" that comes from criticism is not something to be feared! Rather that it is something so valuable and so essential to the health and welfare of their nation that the right to express it should be kept inviolate at any cost.

Just now there are grave indications that this vision is lacking in some of our leaders. The signs are becoming increasingly frequent that the freedom of the American press is in serious jeopardy—that "uneasiness" of the people is coming to be regarded more and more as something to be repressed instead of respected.

These signs should be made to cease immediately. If our leaders themselves are too obtuse to see this, the people should demand it and the newspapers should fight for it as they have never fought before.

For, make no mistake about it, as soon as the right is denied to search out the facts of government, to publish them and to comment upon them, either favorably or adversely; as soon as this instrument for assuring at least some degree of honesty and efficiency in government is taken away, the "uneasiness" of our people then will become something for our leaders truly to worry about.

For all its faults, America's public business today is in a healthier, more acceptable state than its so-called financial and "big" private business, and not the least of the causes for this is that the spotlight of publicity plays constantly and penetratingly upon the one, and only at intervals, and then casually, upon the other. Yet the salutary effect of competition—the watchful eye of one tradesman upon another—insures at least partial cleanliness in private business. This competitive spirit is lacking in public business. What would happen to it—what "uneasiness" would there be—should it be deprived of that great guardian of its own welfare—a free press?

A Billion For Depositors

The federal government's decision to buy a billion dollars' worth of "frozen assets" in closed banks will be received pleasantly by the majority of the public. If done efficiently, the plan will restore to the nation a great proportion of the basic currency and credit that are the very life blood of commerce.

Wholesale closing of thousands of banks last spring, starting with Michigan, really created an almost complete stoppage of normal trade. While it is undoubtedly true that considerable "stuff" possessed by banks as collateral and outright bank holdings was not worth 1928 and 1929 inflated values, there is no question but what it yet offers sufficient value for the government to "loan" up to 50 percent on most of this same "stuff."

It may be pointed out, too, that much of the remaining 50 percent of the "stuff's" value is questionable, since it must necessarily be stripped of the fictitious speculation values that accrued during the stock market boom. Such losses are the inevitable readjustments that always take place between debtors and creditors when a nation really starts climbing out of a panic.

Since the Washington administration has decided to extend a billion dollars in the direction of frozen bank assets, let us hope that it is accomplished with all safe speed. Let us hope that it is done with greater efficiency than most other plans for aid have been or should we say, *not have been done.*

Restoring value to a proportion of frozen bank assets should have been effected months ago. Instead, government examiners deliberately rated them on the basis of liquidity, rather than solvency. Unless we obtain relief in depositors' frozen money, we shall continue to face want in the midst of plenty.

Drop The Handkerchief

Governor Comstock and Detroit's Judge Skillman disagree on the question of the submission of grand jury evidence relating to the Judge's demand for the Governor to remove Wayne County's sheriff Wilcox. Well, if the Governor has the right to govern, apparently the Judge has the right to judge. In the meantime, the people who pay taxes to pay both of these public officials try to dig up more taxes with which to pay both these public officials so that they may continue to act as public officials are not expected to act while faithfully serving the public. (So it's up to you at this point to guess whose turn it is to drop the handkerchief.)

U. S. TREASURY OFFICIALS report that more than a half billion in gold is still in the hands of the people. This is, we understand, illegal, and the federal government has threatened to prosecute—if they can prove the ownership. But no one has yet been sent to jail for possessing gold. Has Uncle Sam been playing a game of blind man's "bluff"?

WISE OLD GEORGE SHAW tells the world in his Pigeon Progress that "the money you lend represents capital. Getting it back represents labor."

Preserve The Farmer

It is a wise nation that looks to the well-being of those who bring forth the necessities of life from the soil. For it is from the land, that common bearer of the entire human race, that we depend upon for food, raiment and shelter. Millions of human beings have dedicated their lives to the toil, the lonesomeness, the privations, (and may we include the beatitudes of lovely landscape, sun-rises and sun-sets, and the musical noises of animals), and the similar hardships of farming pursuits. They are the Cornucopia of Plenty to other millions who, too often foolishly, spend their lives in "herded-up places."

The American farmer, alas! may not be—cannot be—a modern businessman, and control his crops from seed to eventual sale, but he is fundamentally honest, trustworthy, and industrious. He must be preserved at all costs! For he is the grain of the whole loaf of humanity. He furnishes the world with the staff of life. Truly, the farmer walketh hand in hand with Nature. His adventure needs more friendly exploring, and less financial exploiting.

Detroit's Digging Deeper

On the basis that, if the proposed subway for Detroit is not built now, it will have to be built later, The Detroit News argues that "Now is the time to get federal aid, with Detroit itself only required to pay 70 per cent of the total cost, the other 30 per cent an outright gift from the government." What amusing logic. While we agree with The News that "progress must not be forgotten," it strikes us as exceedingly funny for a town or a person to assume greater debt burdens when it cannot pay its way now. What the municipalities of this country need is "progress"—yes, but progress toward a balanced budget, and not toward complete tax delinquency.

Mutual Hatreds

Europe seethes with discontent. So does the United States. War may break out in Europe that will result in bloodshed. Economic war may break out in this country that may result in bloodshed, too—but on a lesser scale. France and Germany hate each other because one has an advantage over the other. California and Florida, economically speaking, also hate each other. If they were side by side, under different flags, speaking different languages, their mutual hatred would flare into armed combat as easily as such things come about in Europe. Verily, verily, "the love of money is the root of all evil."

National Character

More than at any time in a good many years, too much of government is in the hands of unscrupulous office holders. The United States is revealing its capacity to endure right now. And unless more real character is manifest in both the public and those they elect to office, the duration of our form of government is doomed to some revolutionary changes. The real thoroughbred horse shows his good breeding by winning in the last lap in a burst of new speed; the real character of a man or a nation is revealed in the trying last laps of a race against evil influences of selfishness, greed, and lust. Are we, individually and as a nation, thoroughly bred?

New State Movement

On October 14, in the city of Lapeer, Michigan, a group of sincere and conscientious Michigan men and women gathered together in the start of a movement to help their State through some of its troubles. This group has banded together under the name of "Citizens Committee," and its secretary is B. A. Hahn, of Lansing. It issues an "appeal" as follows:

"We here offer to the people of the State of Michigan not a programme, but a declaration of faith in fundamental values. We call them to a rededication to the principles, the aims and the hopes of democracy. We summon them to rescue their government from the hands of hucksters and gamblers, and to re-assume control of their own choosing. And this we do, in humble reliance upon the wisdom and guidance of Almighty God."

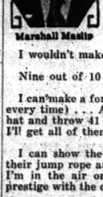
A FELLOW WITH THE UNCOMMON NAME of Smith is behind a movement to "send a million black shirts" to Washington, to have them make a Dictator of President Roosevelt. He would, it seems, have the black shirts take the place of the stuffed shirts. He hardly will, though, for lack of "starch."

A MAN IN PHILADELPHIA got drunk, was arrested, taken before a judge, and this was the sentence: "you shall be requested to write the word 'sobriety' one thousand times daily for the next year." My, what a short sentence, but so many of them!

All of Us

—By Marshall Maslin

A SQUEALING pig always reminds me of the war and a big shell coming too close for comfort . . . So does silk being torn across rapidly.



Marshall Maslin

I've yet to win the prize in a raffle.

* * *

I wonder what little babies think about . . . and if they do think . . . Who started that custom of fathers giving away cigars when babies are born?

* * *

When I hear anybody say: "I didn't sleep a wink last night," I don't believe it.

* * *

I never pay my insurance premiums until the very last day and some day I'll be too late.

* * *

I wouldn't make a good gambler.

* * *

Nine out of 10 newspapermen are sentimental.

* * *

I can make a fork hop into a glass of water (nearly every time) . . . And I can sit six feet away from a hat and throw 41 cards out of 52 into it. (Some day I'll get all of them into it and be proud of myself.)

* * *

I can show the little girls something . . . I take their jump rope and make it go round TWICE while I'm in the air once. (A father must keep up his prestige with the children somehow.)

* * *

When I'm sick I don't want to know my temperature.

* * *

When I'm in an automobile I itch to do the driving.

* * *

I used to count white horses for luck.

* * *

I never smell the beans burning.

* * *

I'm a fan for cashew nuts.

* * *

And talking about myself.

THEIR DUTY AND OURS

The Other Chap Says Something—

TO YOUTH

Any young person who tells me that the depression has been a dead loss to him, any young person who has just loafed and waited and fretted, has already put a black mark against himself. There is one cardinal waste we reprehend in ourselves or others, and that is the waste of time. Time is working capital. And time is just as valuable now—I think much more valuable—than it was during the so-called "prosperity." For then we had no time to think. Our working time and spare time was taken up. It was almost useless to us as immortal beings. We expended it on things which vanish in the using.—Dearborn Press.

A TRUTHFUL OBITUARY

Montrose lost one of its former residents this week when Peter Leonard died at the home of his daughter in Flint.

Pete was probably one of the worst old reprobates that ever graced the streets of Montrose. Always a trouble-maker without a good word for man, woman or child, words of truth probably never passed from his mouth for many of the fifty years of his depradations on earth. Unprincipled from the years that the writer knew him, meanness far surpassed any thought of goodness that the average person would command and exemplify.

He has passed on, and it is not likely that Montrose will ever have another resident his equal—at least, most people have their "moments of decency."

May his sojourn in Hell be as lengthy as his cursed days on earth is the wish of his many enemies.—Clio Messenger.

PAY YOUR DEBTS!

"Paying up old bills or even part of them now," says David A. Woodlock, manager of the National Retail Credit association, an organization of retail merchants, physicians, dentists and other professional people, "is just as important as buying now."

"In fact," he continues, "paying now and buying now should go hand in hand for one is dependent on the other. Many people really have no idea of the amount of money retail merchants and professional men have tied up in the accounts of their customers.

"The average person who owes a small bill and lets it go thinks 'oh, that's just a small bill. It wouldn't make or break anybody.' Of course, one bill wouldn't but—here's the rub—the retailers and professional men of the country have thousands upon thousands of these small accounts—running into staggering totals. 'Frozen credit' that you read so much about is just bad just as much as it is the other fellow's!

"If everyone in this country would pay up all of his old bills or even make partial payments on them—tomorrow—it would immediately put millions of dollars back into circulation and millions of people back to work—enabling them to 'buy now'."—Holly Advertiser.

A LESSON FROM THE OLD SHE-WOLF

The world is willing and always has been willing to pay for what it gets and no more. Further it cares not a tinker's damn who delivers that service. Today, of course, it is more difficult than ever. The idea that the old she-wolf must always suckle her litter, too, is the bunk. In private life this highly practical old gal does her job and does it well so long as it should be done. She will fight to death to protect her helpless young. Comes a time when they must learn the lessons of life for themselves. She no longer wants them tugging at her. She has other plans and her own sweet life to live. So she takes the pups one by one and shakes the stuffing out of them. They whimper. They are hurt. They take out their spite by fighting one another, and soon from the litter comes a leader—a boss who is wise and strong. So the race is perpetuated. It is refreshing these days to occasionally know of a youngster who deliberately shuns the ease that is possible for him and who exhibits a brand of independence and initiative which is at once the pride and consternation of the parents. America was built up of such stuff. If it endures it will be the same brand of courage that predominates.—Schuyler L. Marshall in Clinton County Republican-News.

A DETROIT MAN'S VIEWS

The Independent editor enjoyed a visit Sunday from a gentleman of Detroit. He asked about business, our views on the NRA and then said that in Detroit men were being laid off. He went on to say that Roosevelt was about to have his heart eaten out as poor Hoover had his eaten out. He said further that Roosevelt now realizes that the NRA is a "flop" and could not succeed without loosening the funds tied up in banks which he is now making a frantic effort to accomplish. He thought that Moley realized all this and tried to prevent these radical steps being taken prematurely, and that was why he had to go. He said the country would be very interested to know what Moley would today have to say.

With the advent of the new congress, oh boy, won't there be something doing?! Maybe we should engage our berth on the welfare early!—Frank D. Bryce in Grand Ledge Independent.

MUZZLING THE PRESS

Senator Schall, of Minnesota, Republican, yesterday predicted in a formal statement that "after January 1 we shall witness the destruction of all newspapers that attempt to criticize the gods controlling our national political administration." Censorship over all news and editorials, Schall said, would repose with the national recovery administrator, Gen. Hugh Johnson. "Under the provisions of the NRA," Schall said, "the administration may withdraw its Blue Eagle from any publication it desires, and as all advertisers have been forced to become members of this illegal government racket, they will be forced to withdraw their advertising from the publication losing its 'Soviet duck.' This makes the present administration absolute dictators of all public expression. Twice before this administration has tried to throttle the press of the nation. First by the introduction of a censorship bill in the last congress which was defeated, and secondly, by an attempt to write into the code of the newspapers a provision that the administration could cancel the license of any newspaper it saw fit."—George Breen in Iron River Reporter.

DOERS AND LEARNERS

"WE'VE GOT TOO MANY LEADERS," states P. H. Joyce, president of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, recently. "Too many people in this country have not learned to sharpen their wits on the grindstone of necessity. NOBODY EVER GOT ANYWHERE BY WAITING. Doing something, even if you do it wrong—is better than doing nothing at all.

"I am reminded of a college president who says the trouble today is everybody is waiting, from college students to business executives. A lot of seniors are planning post-graduate courses for next year—to wait for better times and better chances for jobs. I'm telling my boys not to come back. I'm telling them to get out and hustle the way their fathers had to do."

That is the very essence of our troubles of today in the economic world. Too many people are waiting to be re-born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Too many young folks are just "resting up" till a good job shows up. Quite too many older ones, finding a paternal government willing to give them aid, are sitting by, accepting a dole and living off others who are bearing a double burden—accepting alms when they should be ashamed to do so, and forming the fixed habit of becoming a "learner."

The doers of today will rule the world tomorrow.—Republican-Leader, Salem, Ind.

Poems That Live

WILD ROSES

Against the dim hot summer blue
Yon wave of white wild-roses lies,
Watching with listless golden eyes
The green leaves shutting out their view,
The tiny leaves whose motions bright
Are like small wings of emerald light;
White butterflies like snow-flakes fall,
And brown bees drone their honey-call.

—William Sharp. Poems.

A DIRGE

What is the existence of man's life,
But open war, or slumbered strife;
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace
Till death's cold hand signs his release?
It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include.
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

—Henry King.

Sage Sermonette

He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest;
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,—
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—God.

—Bailey.

One Minute Pulpit

He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him: but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it.—Proverbs 11:26.

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS —of Long Ago

Bits Of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric—The Items That Make Up The Historical Background Of The Birmingham Of Today.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Old Mr. Sinclair was in town this week.

The Drews-Toms-Taber barn has been moved back from its old quarters.

Barney Clinton is closely pursued by the fates—he lost a horse recently, which makes three inside of sixteen months, besides having a cow stolen. Poor Barney.

Claud H. Pearsall, a former Trojan, has returned from his labors on the L. & N. R. R. of Ky. His headquarters are at Louisville. Not long ago his engine encountered another on the same track with disastrous results but fortunately Claude jumped and thereby saved his life. Claud looks well.

The Birmingham Aid Society will meet at the residence of Mrs. C. Utter Friday at 2 o'clock p. m. Everybody who is interested in this great and good cause are urged to appear if you did not see this notice send word in by postal card to the committee. This is to be a sewing bee for the poor of the village of Birmingham.

Ock Mudge came very near getting his final quietus last Thursday at Cap. Case's where the threshers were backing their separator into the barn with the engine. Ock was caught between the separator and a post and flattened down to the thickness of a two-cent-piece. The steamer was stopped and Mr. M. taken from his perilous position unconscious, in which condition he remained for many hours, but finally recovered, and is now about at his usual labors.

The project is being agitated and some members of the Village Board are looking into the plan for extending Merrill street across Pierce street to Saginaw avenue. It looks to us like a very desirable object and an important improvement and we understand there will be no opposition.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Miss Minnie Eade of Wincaves, Beverly road, is away in Europe for a two month's vacation. She will pass most of her time in Paris.

The Misses Post gave two days of entertainment to their friends last week. Out-of-town people were present and luncheons with bridge were the helpers to a jolly good time to all ladies who were fortunate enough to receive an invite.

He is one of our old residents and keeps a good cow. Of late he has been suspicious that she was being milked, and during daylight. However, he put a lock on the stable door and now gets twice as much milk. Why? The "milker" is known and will be better known by all when the doctors are called in to pick the shot out from his legs, if he comes any more.

Last week a great compliment was paid to the Women's Literary Club of this village, when at the request of one of its members, the editor of the New York Independent wrote and printed a three-column editorial on "Magazines, Their Scope and Influence."

Why is not our militia on battle line today, carrying not bayonets but buckets? They might do as much good to the state as by a sham battle. If our college students could fight fire with half the zeal they put into athletics, lives and property might have been saved.

Owing to the severe illness of John Hulbert, the Girls Friendly Society regular meeting next Monday evening will be held at the home of Miss Jennie Robinson—just as nice a place, but a little further down the street.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Birmingham is to have sidewalks on Woodward avenue this winter. This was assured at the commission meeting Monday night when Village President H. T. Eierley said he could practically promise that if the state does not complete the laying of the walks in time, the Village of Birmingham will provide at least temporary walks until spring.

All of the new pavement which has been laid on Woodward avenue will be open for traffic next Wednesday, it is announced today by the construction superintendent and engineer.

The eighth annual drive of the Y. M. C. A. in Birmingham will open Monday and close Nov. 9, it is announced today as workers are making final plans for the start. The goal is $7,500.

"Lieut. Seas" owned by Walter O. Briggs, today remains holder of the Bloomfield Cup following his spectacular performance at the ninth annual Open Hunt races held Saturday at the Briggs, Fosdick and Oakdale farms in the Hills.

Despite the efforts of the men guarding the fresh concrete on Woodward avenue, there are several footprints. Most are believed to have been placed unintentionally by persons Saturday night when traffic was thicker than at almost any other time during the week. The Bloomfield Open Hunt Races were the reason for the heavy traffic. Soft concrete was preferable to many villagers to the perils of traffic.

Complete re-assessment of Birmingham, with the view to more nearly equalizing property assessments, is seen for early consideration in the action Monday night of the Commission when it delegated Commissioners Lee A White and J. H. McBride to investigate several expert appraisers who have applied for the assignment.

Jest For Fun

Good Conversation

Owen, aged four, spent much of his spare time watching the building operations on the estate opposite.

One evening he was standing at the window with his mother,

watching the men leave work. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Look, mummy, I do so want you to see that man. I like him best of all."

"Why, dear?" asked his mother.

"Because he's so interesting. He's got such interesting conversation," said Owen.

Mother was puzzled.

"But, Owen," she said, "what does the man talk about?"

"Oh," was the reply, "he doesn't do the talking. I do that myself."

—o—

An Evolution

My dear Miss Smith:
Dear Miss Smith:
Dear Mary:
Mary Dear:
Dearest Mary:
Mary Darling:
Mary, Beloved:
My Soulmate:
Darling Wife:
Dear Mazy:
Hello Mame:
Pay to the order of Mrs. Mary S. Doe . . . .

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

—o—

Famous Firms Cause & Effect

—o—

Dangerous

Bob Stiven: "My girl got her nose broke in three places."

Second Beta: "She should have stayed out of those places."

—o—

Not A Sure Test

"But how can I be sure that you love me?"

"Well, I can scarcely sleep at night thinking of you."

"That doesn't prove anything. Papa can hardly sleep, thinking of you."

—o—

Different Outcome

"Well, Sam," said the judge, "you and your wife have been fighting again. Liquor, I suppose?"

"No, sah, judge, she done licked me dis time."

—o—

Success At Last!

Maid: Your laboratory has blown up, sir.

Professor: Good! That means that my experiment has succeeded.

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